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Economic Liberation

INDIA'S NEED

by Anthony J. Parel

REALISM ON THE SCREEN

by Maryvonne Butcher

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THE PRESIDENT'S TALKS

AT THIS WRITING, President Eisenhower has already delivered the first in a series of talks scheduled immediately after the Russians launched their first *sputnik*. These talks have one purpose: to restore popular confidence in America's foreign policy and defense system. But unless these talks signal a profound about-face in American policy, we are convinced that they will fail. Indeed, under such circumstances they should fail, for confidence without foundation is dangerous self-deception. We can hypnotize ourselves into complacency; we cannot hypnotize the Soviet Union into immobility.

The fact that we have been lagging in economic, political and psychological warfare overseas is an old story. But in recent years we have also allowed the budget-balancers and tax-cutters to shape our basic foreign policy and to determine our military expenditures. The possession of atomic and hydrogen weapons by both the United States and the Soviet Union resulted in a stalemate, and we acted as if this stalemate could never be broken. Now *sputnik* has rudely shattered our national complacency.

By launching their *sputniks* the Russians have, of course, won a tremendous psychological victory. More importantly, from a military point of view, they have demonstrated that they are at least five years ahead of us in the vital field of intercontinental missiles. If the Russians solve the problem of accurate guidance and re-entry, these long-range missiles equipped with hydrogen warheads could annihilate America's major cities.

To counter this threat, the United States still has the striking power of the Strategic Air Command. But the Russians have intermediate-range missiles in large-scale production, and our forward air bases are now in range of these missiles. In addition, there is the possibility that the Russians may soon be able to launch a "spy satellite," able to track planes by radar and simultaneously to direct missile-to-plane interception. If this frightening prospect were to become reality, the deterring power of retaliation by our bombers would be severely reduced or lost entirely.

IN SHORT, we may be witnessing the first stages of a shift in the military balance of power in favor of the Soviet Union. Such a shift would have profound consequences. It would immediately permit the Russians to engage in out-and-out political extortion, much like that practiced by Hitler against the weaker democracies in the thirties. It would involve serious danger of a whole series of Munichs clear around the globe, beginning perhaps with the neutralist nations and soon reaching those nations where we now have advanced bases. The cold war would then be over, because we would have lost it, and the hot war would begin whenever our patience was finally exhausted or when the Soviet Union thought the right moment had arrived.

In the face of Russian superiority in missiles, there are those who say we should not try to catch up with the Russians. The arms race, in their view, can lead only to war, and rather than continue to participate in it, they think the United States should renounce the search for still more advanced weapons and call the world to peace. For our part, however, much as we appreciate the reasoning and motives of these lovers of peace, we cannot agree with them. Indeed, in our opinion the course they advocate would increase rather than lessen the ultimate danger of global war.

The nuclear stalemate between the Soviet Union and the United States has been described as a

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balance of terror. The phrase is appropriate, expressing as it does something of the horror of the world-situation. Yet we prefer a balance of terror, however horrible, to a terror unleashed, which would be indescribably worse. And that, we think, is precisely what would happen if the United States allowed the Soviet Union to get too far ahead in the field of intercontinental missiles and nuclear weapons.

In the weeks ahead, Mr. Eisenhower is sure to stress our national assets. This is as it should be, but we must face our liabilities too. And the first thing we must do is to quit trying to live in a dream world where freedom can be had for the asking, without working or paying for it. We must face the fact that we are engaged in a battle, not just for headlines or propaganda victories, but for survival.

Today, with three more years to go in his second term, President Eisenhower is confronted with the greatest challenge and the most difficult task in his life, and one in which he deserves the support and prayers of all of us. If he yields to those who are already pleading for business-as-usual, he will have failed in his task. But if he sees the need, not just for a speed-up in this program or that, but for a profound change in attitude by the government and people of the United States, he can go down in history as a great president and a great leader of the world's free peoples.

EGYPT'S INCITEMENT

THE YOUNG Kingdom of Jordan appears to be in its greatest peril since last April, when King Hussein put down an attempted coup that would have landed his country in the Soviet camp. The American Sixth Fleet was standing by, but the King was able to defeat the plot because of the loyalty of the Jordanian army. Today some of the army officers are reported to have been won over to pro-Nasser and pro-Syria sympathies. Jordan is a very divided nation to begin with; one-third of its one and one-half millions are Palestinian refugees. These together with a comparable number of non-refugee Palestinians comprise a substantial majority bloc which is anti-West in its orientation. These Palestinians blame the Western powers for having created the enemy state of Israel. Now, with some of the Bedouin elements in the army giving way to disaffection, King Hussein's position has become exceedingly precarious.

It is at this stage that the Egyptian press and radio have embarked upon an open and most inflammatory campaign of incitement to assassination against King Hussein and his whole family. And Syria has chimed in: thousands of Palestinian refugees demonstrated in Damascus, calling for his death. The Moscow radio also attacked the King as an enemy of the Arabs. The Egyptians made the unsubstantiated charge—and repeat it with increasing vehemence—that the King is negotiating to make peace with Israel, and this on a basis that would "liquidate the Palestine Arab refugees." The amount of truth in such allegations can be gauged from the fact that one of the principals who was reported by the Egyptian press to be taking part in the alleged peace negotiations was at that very moment thousands of miles away—in New York. But no charge could be blacker or sound more treasonable among the nations of the Arab world. Within divided Jordan itself, these violent accusations appear to have evoked warm popular demonstrations of loyalty to King Hussein in scores of native villages and on the part of certain Bedouin chiefs. The King does indeed appear to have sufficient cause for a formal complaint against Egypt in the United Nations.

In view of the lack of substance in the Soviet charges against Turkey and the United States regarding Syria, and the tension they created and have kept up throughout this embattled area, this Egyptian incendiarism is nothing short of criminal. One day the powder keg so often irresponsibly threatened with a torch will go off. The only possible (and hardly intended) good effect of this mounting Soviet-Egyptian-Syrian agitation is that it may impel the Western powers to labor strenuously for stability and progress against poverty and disease in the Middle East.

NEXT WEEK

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON writes on Christianity and the Oriental cultures:

"Religion in the East is not a private matter for the individual conscience, as in the modern Western world, where men of different religions can share the same culture and society without any sense of strain or conflict. The religions of the East are sacred orders or liturgical cultures in which every detail of behavior has a religious significance."

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THE CIVIL RIGHTS COMMISSION

WHEN PRESIDENT Eisenhower announced his appointments to the new Civil Rights Commission there was a wide range of reaction, which suggests that the path of the Commission will not be smooth. In a previous news conference the President had said that he wanted a non-partisan group composed of acknowledged leaders who represented a spectrum of American opinion on civil rights and who had a "judicial turn of mind." The present appointments fulfill this formula.

The chairman of the group is Stanley F. Reed, retired associate justice of the Supreme Court, who is said to share the President's philosophy of moderation. The vice chairman is John A. Hannah, former Assistant Secretary of Defense and President of Michigan State University. Other members are John S. Battle, former governor of Virginia, who said he expected to represent "the strong Southern view"; Father Theodore M. Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame University; Robert G. Storey, former president of the American Bar Association and now dean of the Law School of Southern Methodist University; and J. Ernest Wilkins, Assistant Secretary of Labor and the first Negro to occupy a sub-Cabinet post in the U. S. Government.

Their principal job will undoubtedly include investigation of charges that citizens are prohibited from voting because of "color, race, religion or national origin." But so general are the terms of the Civil Rights Act that a good part of their initial task will be to define more carefully the purpose and function of the commission.

It is clear that the President could have offered positions on the commission to people who have more openly voiced sentiments on the present state of integration in this country. Only Stanley Reed and John Battle have clearly expressed their opinions by actively engaging in issues of segregation. The President could also have appointed people who are now crusading for rapid integration. At best, some critics have commented, the present commission is likely to become only a discussion club.

Much of this criticism is made, we think, without sufficient consideration of the total situation. To have appointed a commission without a representative of the "Southern view" would have been folly. It would have seemed unfair to a large section of our populace and it would have automatically rendered the commission ineffective. And Governor Battle showed his ability to work with opposition when, apart from other Virginia Democrats, he supported Adlai Stevenson in 1952.

To have attempted to oppose or counter a representative of the Southern view with someone who is presently engaged in open crusading for integration would have been self-defeating. It would not only have made Senate confirmation of the commission more difficult, but it would have increased the possibility that the commission be merely a debating club.

The present group is composed of people who do represent a "spectrum of American opinion," as the President desired. They have an extremely difficult job to perform, but they are intelligent and responsible men. They will, one hopes, be confirmed by the Senate and work toward the implementation of our laws and the benefit of all citizens, regardless of "color, race, religion or national origin."

MANEUVERS ON THE COAST

IT WAS interpreted as bad news for the Republicans in California and bad news for Vice President Nixon when Senator Knowland, some weeks back, decided to seek the nomination for governor in that state. Senator Knowland's purpose, quite clearly, was to use the governorship as a stepping-stone to the Republican nomination for President in 1960. But as the incumbent, Governor Goodwin J. Knight, held an identical ambition, an all-out primary battle seemed inevitable.

Republican chieftains feared that a bitter intra-party struggle in California would permit the Democrats to win the governorship and Senator Knowland's vacated Senate seat as well. At least one Republican chieftain—Vice President Nixon —feared also that such a disruption of the California Republican organization would prevent an effective "Nixon for President" movement in the state.

Now, thanks largely to Mr. Nixon, Republican prospects in California have been revived, and with them the Presidential prospects of Mr. Nixon himself. Nobody knows how he did it, but with support from the President and national party regulars, he was able to persuade his ancient enemy, Governor Knight, to yield the gubernatorial nomination to Senator Knowland, another Nixon enemy, and to run for Senator instead.

Unfortunately for Mr. Knight, who was forced, *à la Russe,* to repudiate publicly his anti-party activities, even his consolation prize—a seat in the Senate—may be denied. Mayor George Chris-

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topher of San Francisco has long been a candidate for the Senatorial nomination, and he has so far refused to yield his place to Governor Knight. Now Senator Knowland says righteously that Mr. Christopher and Governor Knight will have to work out this problem for themselves and that he personally has always thought that primary fights are a good thing.

At any rate, the more serious Republican struggle in California has been averted. The national party is happy, Senator Knowland is happy, Mr. Nixon is happy. Governor Knight is presumably not happy, but he isn't saying a word.

VENEZUELAN OFFER

ONE OF THE lamentable aspects of foreign exploitation of the natural resources of the underdeveloped lands throughout the world is the fact that so limited a benefit normally accrues to the native population. There are new opportunities for employment, schooling and sanitation resulting from the introduction of foreign capital. But how small a proportion of the substantial royalties now collected on oil, for example, are ploughed back into national economies, for the setting up or expansion of industries that would benefit an entire nation. Instead, these handsome sums too often are squandered in the support of top-heavy military establishments, for the lavish upkeep of some ruling house and the enrichment of government officials. What is literally a golden opportunity is being heedlessly thrown away.

In recent years Venezuela has proved to be an outstanding exception to this tragic pattern. Whatever one may think of its politics, there is no denying that Venezuela has put its oil revenues to most constructive use. Venezuelan industry of all sorts is flourishing; its currency is stable. And now this nation proposes to enhance its economic stature still further by offering its own brand of technical aid to its less developed neighbors. In this it offers an example well worthy of emulation.

THE NEGRO VOTE

THE WINNING PARTY in off-year elections always sees its victory as part of a great nationwide trend. The losing party always finds that the elections were determined by very special local conditions and claims that the results are wholly without national significance. In the case of the elections just past, the point of view of the losers might be more persuasive if they had offered it before the returns were in and not after. The hard fact is that the Administration did its utmost to place some of the local elections in a national context, and it suffered its most severe setbacks in just those areas.

The political lessons in the election returns are clear enough, and no doubt the Republican Party has drawn the inevitable conclusions. But aside from the matter of recording Democratic or Republican advances or defeats, the election results also furnished some interesting data on the probable role race questions will play in 1960.

Negroes in New York and especially in New Jersey were told, sometimes in the crudest terms, that they should vote for Republican candidates in appreciation of the Administration's civil rights legislation and the President's determination, symbolized by his dispatching Federal troops to Little Rock, to translate this legislation into action. But the racial bloc-vote appeal failed completely in the case of these Northern Negroes.

It is true that bloc-voting on the question of integration seemed stronger than ever in some other sections of the country, but it is a hopeful sign that Negro voters in the North so clearly refused to "deliver their votes" automatically in response to the bloc-appeal.

REACTIONS TO AN INCIDENT

THE SUDDEN, surprising removal of Marshal Zhukov confirmed what, by now, should be obvious to all. Only those in the Kremlin know what goes on in the Kremlin. And even they, apparently, can sometimes make bad judgments about the distribution of power.

The downgrading of Marshal Zhukov gave several journals the opportunity to deride those rash enough to speculate about the internal power struggle in Russia. Since Joseph Alsop was unfortunate enough to have made the latest statement concerning the Marshal's eminence, he was the favorite whipping-boy.

Writers for the *Daily Worker,* at least as confused as Communists in other countries, covered their confusion by being amused at the political commentators. And the *National Review* also gave special attention to Joseph Alsop's misfortune. We draw only one conclusion from these reactions. Even those with opposite views can make the same joke.

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India's Need

Indian democracy cannot survive without producing quick economic results, and these results cannot be produced unless help comes quickly from the West.

by ANTHONY J. PAREL

NEW INDIA, just a decade old, is entering what may be called the most crucial or the "blood-sweat-and-tears" phase of the great adventure of nation-building. Time has come for a sober if not somber approach, for a more realistic spelling out of the new freedom in terms of economic facts and of improved living and working conditions for the average man.

Today the problem is one of matching the poor man's hopes with his material achievements. In this we have only just begun to see the magnitude of the problem. Even after ten years of concentrated efforts, the government has hardly reached the man in the village. His *annual* income in 1957 is merely fifty-seven dollars, an increase of only nine dollars in the last ten years. Only eighteen per cent of India's people are literate, a progress of six per cent for the last decade. The university professor still earns his ten dollars a week, the executive his eight dollars, the school teacher five dollars, and the farm hand as little as one dollar and twenty cents. The average Indian, living in the almost subhuman conditions of India's six hundred thousand villages, is still the poor man of the poor man's continent.

But this poor man is no longer the static entity he formerly was, and that makes a big difference. Though illiterate, he is no longer ignorant of his miseries and privileges. Today he is aroused and impatient. Agitation against the foreigners before the independence, and daily harangues by domestic politicians after it, have made him acutely conscious of his powers as well as his needs. Now he has at his disposal the political instrument of the general election (every five years) to make or unmake governments, to accept or reject ideologies. And this makes the problem very critical. A discontented mass of people is in movement.

The question is: will the poor man witness his economic liberation within this generation? Can India's economy be built and developed through democratic methods? Will India pass from the age of the bullock-cart to that of the *sputnik* without adopting the Russian system? Economically India must run before she can walk, to borrow a Nehruian phrase. But can she do so without following the Marxian dialectic?

India's present economic plans and efforts are an attempt to answer these questions. But the answers they provide seem confusing, if not startling. In themselves, the achievements have been significant. But in relation to what remains to be done, the rate of progress to be maintained, the depth from which the Indian economy has to lift the average man, these achievements are far from being satisfactory.

INDIA HAD DECIDED to push her way to prosperity through a series of five-year plans. In a country where the magnitude of the problem was so great and the time to solve it so limited, such an approach was indeed the only sensible one. The government would do the general planning and coordinate the activities of private and state enterprises. Large-scale key industries would be in government hands and the rest would be left to private persons and agencies.

The first five-year plan was launched in 1951. The government spent four billion dollars during the ensuing five years, mainly on agricultural output. The plan was a success, bringing a twenty per cent increase in food production, thirty-five per cent in irrigation, fifty per cent in overall industrial growth, and fifteen per cent in national income. The second plan, a more ambitious one, followed in 1956. Its total outlay was

Mr. Parel, a Jesuit scholastic studying in the United States, is himself an Indian.

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ten billion dollars, and it hoped to increase by 1961 the production of steel two hundred fifty per cent, coal sixty-three per cent, electricity one hundred per cent, and national income eighteen per cent.

But hardly had the plan reached its fifteenth month than economic difficulties—some anticipated, others underestimated—all but disrupted the plan. In early

1957 inflation hit India as well as the outside world. Automatically the original cost of ten billion dollars jumped to twelve billion, and the need for aid from outside India rose from an estimated one and a half billion to something like three and a half billion dollars. The concurrent import of heavy machinery, averaging a rate of two million dollars a day, drained India's foreign reserves. A poor harvest added to the strain by necessitating unexpected food imports. Further, the increasing military strength of Pakistan was interpreted as an imminent threat to Kashmir, and the steady influx of refugees from Pakistan gnawed deeper into the fiber of the Indian economy.

The government is now left with two alternatives: either scrap the original plan and make it a ten-year plan, or seek heavy loans from outside. If the plan is extended, only the "core" of the original plan—steel and heavy industry—can be carried out in the next five years. That means that the concrete benefits of the plan will hardly reach the level of the village. The poor man will have spent another decade without feeling any economic benefit to his village or to himself. And such an eventuality could prove to be a severe jolt to democracy in India, for thus far democracy has given the poor practically nothing except the chance to vote.

WHAT NEEDS EMPHASIS is that the failure of the plan will mean much more than a great national economic tragedy. For to India's almost four hundred million people, to one-seventh of the human race, this plan is a symbol, the sheet anchor of their faith in democracy's economic efficiency. For democracy's fate in India, as in all underdeveloped countries, is intrinsically bound to its economic efficiency.

The results of India's experiment may influence regions far beyond the Indian shores, from Saigon to Accra. The newly-freed peoples in these lands were influenced by Gandhi's political methods and it is not unlikely that they will be influenced by India's method of economic liberation as well. One has only to think of the interest of these people in India's experiment, of the teams of experts from these lands who visit India to study on-the-spot aspects of the Indian economy. What the effects will be on these nations, if that experiment fails, is a grim thought.

What is more, India's economic stand in the final analysis is a stand against the spreading of the Communist theory of economic recovery. Nehru has explicitly stated this important fact. "The most exciting experiment of the world today," he says, "is the development of India and China. *Between us, there is this very big difference, the effects of which it remains for history to show. The difference is that we are trying to function in a democratic setup.* . . . It is a question of which setup pays the highest dividends. . . . I do not mean merely material dividends, although they are important, but cultural and spiritual dividends also." Thus stated, India's attempt is a defense of freedom, an indirect one if you will, but one aiming at providing man with a standard of living consistent with his dignity and necessary for the appreciation of political freedom.

This aspect of the Indian experiment may not always be sufficiently clear to many outsiders. In Europe and America, defense of freedom is now largely identified with defense against military threats from without. But in India, and countries like India, it has an added dimension: it is also a defense against economic misery, the enemy from within. It is unwise to ask the impoverished masses to choose between the rice bowl and political freedom—both must come.

What could happen, should the democratic experiment fail? Perhaps there would be no revolutionary change, as in China. The failure may first result in a growing admiration for the Communist achievement in Russia and China, in more Communist votes at the elections, in a climate of opinion very favorable to totalitarian programs. And when the psychological moment arrives, for instance in the disappearance of the present leadership or in a Communist victory at the polls, the world may one day wake to see India's painless, bloodless transition to . . . . a Communist state.

SHOULD THE PRESENT conditions go unredressed for thirty years (the failure of a few plans would mean this) India's fate might well be that of Chiang's China in 1949. For thirty years Sun Yat Sen's revolution was unproductive of economic changes at the level of the Chinese peasant. If a similar economic frustration should follow Gandhi's revolution, who can say that India will not go the Chinese way? We

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need not wait for a *coup d'état* in India—elections in Kerala give us ample warning.

Our hypothesis does not minimize the current strength of the democratic forces in the country. But the complacency of these forces, the organized strength of the Communists, the impending economic crisis and the unpredictable temper of the politically naive electorate must also be given serious consideration. If one-third of France could vote Communist, is it hard to imagine fifty-one per cent of India's millions doing likewise? Indian democracy cannot survive without producing quick economic results, and these results cannot be produced unless help comes from the West. Such help must be generous, and it must be given quickly.

Under these circumstances, the unnecessary irritation that is being caused in the United States—*the* country that is capable of helping, and is actually helping, India—by the utterances of some of our spokesmen is baffling indeed. These utterances, besides being unprofitable to India, are even un-Gandhian. Gandhi had the ability to state differences with dignity and suavity—the value of which these spokesmen would do well to assess more carefully. This departure from Gandhism is regrettable, and is strongly criticized by large segments of public opinion in India itself.

It is to be observed that Indo-American differences are due less to divergence of policies than to the personalities that interpret these policies. Perhaps Americans can understand why our interpretations are sometimes irritating. The fights against the British have created in us certain subconscious patterns of action and reaction, which in fact we are trying to correct and normalize. "I try to be impartial and objective," says Nehru, "but the Asiatic in me influences my judgment whenever an Asiatic people are concerned." This is a sincere confession, and one that invites a corresponding understanding. Time must be given to overcome these compulsions and biases: what is acquired in two centuries is not easily lost in two decades.

BUT THE MAIN REASON for New Delhi's strained nerves would seem to be Kashmir and Goa. Americans may not have measured the full intensity of the Indian feeling in these issues. With us both are a matter of geographical integrity and national security. With regard to Kashmir in particular there is a sense of violated justice and condoned aggression in Pakistan. In this dispute India's attitude towards Pakistan is, whatever Americans may think of it, at least as intense as that of the U.S. towards the U.S.S.R.

Hence a speedy solution to the Kashmir dispute would seem to be the first (and perhaps the only) step towards improved Indo-American relations. The Communist bloc wants the impasse to continue, as it gives them the opportunity to keep India estranged from the U.S. and to play on her emotions by a veto in the U.N. or by some statement of policy. Furthermore, as the New York *Times* and the Indian press have pointed out, this dispute is forcing both India and Pakistan to divert large sums of money to armament drives, money that should go towards economic recovery. According to a recent statement of the Pakistani foreign minister, three-quarters of his country's national income is spent on defense! This is possible largely because of aid through SEATO and the Baghdad Pact, and to catch up, India too is spending large sums on defense. Thus, directly and indirectly, American aid is figuring in an armament race on the Indian subcontinent—something to which the U.S. is opposed.

Dwelling on differences, we all too often fail to explore the vast areas of agreement. If India is still a member of the Commonwealth, it is thanks to Nehru's and Menon's defense of this membership even against the criticism and ridicule of their domestic critics. There could hardly be a better argument than this for their basic sympathies for the West. Further, eighty-two per cent of India's trade is still with the West and her economy is still a "capitalist" economy, with the state owning only five per cent of the total capital. Again, the English language, now "at home" in India, is a strong potential force of unity and friendship for the English-speaking world. And we must compare India's restraint in such an inflammable issue as Kashmir

with Syria's and Egypt's retaliatory arms deals with Russia under similar circumstances. It helps to keep all the foregoing facts in mind when criticizing the irritations that are being caused by one or another personality.

Finally, India's economic stand, if successful, will indirectly stem the Communist tide in Asia. A Red India plus a Red China might well mean a Red Asia. It is such a possibility that the present Indian government would like to avert by preventing the impending economic collapse. It is the same possibility that the U.S., too, wants to avert, and a possibility the U.S. can help to avert.

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A consideration of realism as seen in three films from three different countries

Realism on the Screen

by MARYVONNE BUTCHER

THE CINEMA is, of its very nature, perhaps the least pure of the arts, highly susceptible of contamination, whether from commercial pressures, lack of aesthetic courage or some fundamental mistake in casting or directing. And it must be admitted that such adulteration is too often to be observed in those pictures which set out to treat, in a serious and adult manner, problems of realism or the sordid. When the director hearkens to the poet's cry of "Sing me a song of social significance," it is often touch and go whether he will oblige with a slice of life or a shot of sensation.

It is interesting to observe that different national schools of cinema, or even opposing schools within a national industry, will attack this problem of realism from widely varying points of view. Students of the cinema who can lay their hands on film criticism from abroad will be struck by the way in which a film from one country may receive from its own nationals, who understand the ethos and culture that lie behind it, quite other assessments than those of critics of another country, who judge it from their own standpoint. Foreign critics may, for instance, largely misunderstand some incident, exaggerating it or dismissing it out of sheer ignorance of the common life it portrays. This must be recognized and accepted, but it need not, of course, hinder the critic from passing judgment on films from other backgrounds than his own, on the basis of his professional qualifications and the film's own achievement.

Nevertheless, it does sometimes come about that some films start almost automatically with a handicap outside their own country, since one national attitude to this problem or that may be intrinsically less objective or more emotional than another. A foreign critic, judging the picture with impartiality, he hopes, should not use this national attitude as an excuse for a film which may seem to him overexcited, overemphatic in its statements, even if he realizes that this kind of overemphasis is more usual in the country of its origin than elsewhere. If a film is a work of art—and many directors are attempting to produce works of art—then it must be able to convey a message that is comprehensible by any audience to which it is presented.

Comparative filmology is a pursuit which can easily lead its students astray, if they start from a false premise, but there have recently been issued three films from three different countries which deal with this problem of presenting realism on the screen. And it is, I think, useful to compare and contrast the effects which they produce; partly because each of them is an outstanding example of its country's skill, and partly because each, in its way, is colored by the national attitude towards the human predicament.

THESE FILMS ARE: René Clément's "Gervaise"; the new Fellini, "Le Notti di Cabiria"; and Elia Kazan's "Baby Doll." Each of these pictures sets out to tell a realistic story about people whom life has slapped down far below the level which they feel able to tolerate, and none of the directors hesitates to explore the ultimate sordid levels to which his characters must sink. But sometimes the result is an upsurge of admiration and even of hope, that human beings can show courage even in such appalling situations; and sometimes the spectator is left feeling that "here is no water but only rock," that life is a cheat and virtue redundant and, most galling of all, that he has reacted almost involuntarily to artificial stimuli which he should have resisted.

The school which the French directors of the thirties built up was, for many of us, the prototype of realistic cinema, and it is interesting and heartening to find the younger French directors today making realistic pictures which, though quite different in tone, still bear the unmistakable hallmark of an honorable tradition. René Clément's "Gervaise" is as evidently French as it is excellent, as lucid as it is uncompromising. Taken from Zola's terrible novel, *L'Assommoir*, it tells the story of a girl in nineteenth-century Paris who lives on the far side of what most of us would consider unbearable poverty, with an unreliable lover whom she, inevitably, loses. Then, by sheer endurance, she carves out for herself from the hostile world a little niche of independence and self-respect through

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work well and honestly done. She gets herself another man—even marries him—and has a child. But then fate hits back at her, and little by little her careful edifice of respectability goes. Work, men, all fail her —and she turns to drink for solace. By the end of the film she is so sodden in alcohol and despair that her little daughter, filthy, frightened and unkempt, can come to her and she is too drunk even to notice.

Not an edifying story, you will say, not uplifting: but you would be wrong. For the director has looked at his men and women with an eye, hardly indeed of pity, but rather of absolute detachment; so that one has the impression of watching tragedy play itself out relentlessly, with dignity and passion, quite free of special pleading, message or comment. This is how it happened, and this is what human beings can be —brave, enduring in the face of disaster, even if later to be vanquished by it—and who are we to judge them? The acting throughout is beyond praise, especially that of Maria Schell in the title role, and François Perier as her drunkard husband. Both of them achieve performances which are realistic, unforced and completely free from trick or mannerism that might induce the spectator to see this story in any but the most matter-of-fact fashion. Clément's direction has a similar quality of clarity, detachment, assessment, which forces us to make up our own mind. And what we are left thinking is what Othello cried: "Oh the pity of it, Iago, the pity of it." The picture is hard, just as a diamond is hard, through its extreme compression and translucence.

FEDERICO FELLINI'S new film, "Le Notti di Cabiria," is, on the other hand, not a hard, compressed film at all, for Italian neo-realism very rarely turns out pictures like that. It is a rich, heaped dish of compassion, humor, drama and sentiment, laced with the biting sauce of social criticism, as it tells the (contemporary, this time) story of an indomitable small-time prostitute of the Roman streets, whose most persistent characteristic is the unprofessional desire to love and be loved in return. She would dearly like to be different, but cannot see how to manage this, and is so shockingly poor that one is quite horrified to observe her pride in the glorified henhouse she calls *"mia casa."* That possession of *this* should make one lucky!

The film opens with Cabiria, played by the astonishing Giulietta Masina, just being tossed into the river by her current gentleman-friend before he makes off with her purse. Fished out ingloriously, unromantically, protestingly, she can hardly bear to face life again, but her incurable cocky courage takes over, and back she goes to her bad joke of a house. And so we observe her picking up clients of varying quality in the wet Roman streets, through a farcical incident with a very haughty competitor and a curious interlude with a character who conducts a one-man mission to the down-and-outs living under arches and in holes and caves. The poverty, the squalor, the absolute lack of future without any corresponding despair is something totally alien, in my experience, to the Anglo-Saxon character. We would never put up with this kind of life, or, if we had to, would be full of resentful fury. The film takes it all in its stride: so far as Fellini is concerned, life is like this.

But then Cabiria becomes involved in a pilgrimage to a shrine of Our Lady and after some outrageous sequences of Italian religious extravagance, she totters out to their picnic lunch shattered to find that after all "nothing is changed." This is the most moving moment in the film, this almost grotesque, groping gesture towards grace. Then, at last, she picks up a young man who seems really to love her for herself (played again by François Perier), and blossoms out into an unforced happiness. Her house sold, all the money she possesses in the world in her purse, she sets off blissfully for her marriage; and, married, they go to eat in a country restaurant. First the audience and then Cabiria begin to realize that he, too, is after her money and is prepared to kill for it. Hope dies visibly on her expressive face. He snatches the money and runs, and she wishes that he *had* killed her; but after racking despair she once more pulls herself together and trails off down the road—to what a life we can only guess —but with courage still flickering across that odd face.

Now this is a soft picture, where "Gervaise" was hard, but it also manages to assimilate the whole burden of poverty, misery and shame without surprise or emphasis. The French director sees the situation with the whole of his intelligence and puts it down without fuss; the Italian director sees the situation with the whole of his heart, and puts it down with a great deal of fuss (since this is his way), but with no surprise and certainly no verdict. Italians are used to life being a ferment, full of gesture and ebullience; and if the gesture and ebullience take in sin and poverty they also include religion and loving-kindness. But the exuberance of the Italian film does, it seems to me,

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lead to a kind of complacency over both conditions and actions that the detachment of the French picture does not. Where the French film is under discipline, the Italian gives one the impression that its realism is alternately adroitly underlined to make one effect, or put over straight to make another.

TO USE A possibly far-fetched conceit, one might say that the story of "Gervaise" is, as it were, seen under the impersonal shadowless radiance of fluorescent lighting; and "Cabiria" under the variable excitement of a fair-ground's naphtha flares; but Kazan's "Baby Doll" seems to be lit by something approximating to that sinister street lighting which, though very strong, gives to everything an effect of corruption. If the French picture says that life is interesting, and the Italian that life is indestructible, then the American one seems to say that it is contemptible. The very brilliance of the acting, photography and direction make the end-result all the more disagreeable, since they are devoted to something which is "an expense of spirit in a waste of shame." It is told, moreover, in such a way as to suggest that this is the common form of life.

The first time I saw "Baby Doll" I found it so literally insupportable that I walked out two-thirds of the way through, and it was not until some days later that I could bring myself to see it again. A story no less tragic or more inherently painful than the other two has here been deflected from tragedy into sensation: hope has been deliberately drained out of the situation, and all the considerable resources at the director's disposal have been so focused as to make the worst of everything—character, situation and even setting. The camera-work that lays bare, with an almost passionate dislike, the garbage-littered yard, the leprous façades, the dirt and the discomfort, should be noted in this connection. Disturbing the picture may be, but its danger lies, to my mind, more in its despair, and this precisely because its impact is contrived. The case is rigged from the start and no one has a chance. And why? Because, or so it seems to me, the director is out literally to shock us, to make us jump to his whip, to make us react to stimulus rather than to move us by reality. If this seems an unfair stricture, then turn to the published shooting script, and see what Kazan has made of some of the quite unimportant incidents in the story.

Judging, however, from other films of approximately the same type which have come from American studios, it does not seem to be entirely the director's fault. There must be, it would appear, some basic demand in the American public for this kind of overstatement; it is of course peculiarly difficult for the British, with their instinctive preference for understatement, to be dispassionate here, but looking at pictures like "The Man with the Golden Arm," "On the Waterfront" or "Autumn Leaves" it does seem that plain facts are not enough: they must be made as large as life and *twice* as natural before the point is considered properly made. But a picture that is twice as big, twice as noisy, twice as intense is not necessarily twice as true. It may even be only half as realistic if it is twice as sensational. We are unfamiliar, here, with the scale of things in America, and consequently may make many mistakes, but a film like "Baby Doll" does seem to have a quality of febrility, a desire to affront totally different from the passionate feeling for truth that one gets from, say, "The Grapes of Wrath."

With the exception, perhaps, of Clouzot, few French directors seem to wallow in the sordid on the screen, whatever French literature may do. The Italians are so used to vast gulfs between poverty and riches in their daily life that it barely strikes them as remarkable. But American directors like Kazan and Aldrich often seem to pursue the sordidly sensational for its own sake in a way that detracts considerably from one's respect for their tremendous talents. Once the audience feels that it is being got at, the game is lost. It will take ferocity, as in "Les Jeux Interdits"; it will accept heartbreak, as in "Umberto D," but the kind of aesthetic injustice which is handed out in "Baby Doll" simply underlines the difference between true realism on the one hand, and sordid sensation on the other.

A SHORT LETTER TO DR. JOHNSON

To recall a conversation with Mr. Boswell, beginning, "Sir, I love the acquaintance of young people," and culminating with, "but then the dogs are not so good scholars." Turk's Head Coffee House, 18 July, 1763.

Sir:
I love the young dogs of *my* age. They may
not love a page of solid type as I
could wish, although I plan to lead the horse
to water. But they are so tall and tan
and honest. And they show—no, give—a soul.
You see, I have the oddest role: a priest
who teaches in a school of liberal arts
and science, one who seldom preaches or
baptizes; still, I hear confessions in
and out of season; too, I bring them Shakespeare, Milton, and some other gods as you.
It *is* the oddest role! Yet I am hopeful that the dogs (poor scholars, Sir) will last
the longest as acquaintances, and far
beyond the reach of bird or star—but there!—
I do not mean to turn a foppish line or preach.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP.

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TWO VISITORS

YESTERDAY two nuns came to see me on a business matter. They were Maryknoll Sisters, and sound, sensible women they were. We discussed our business and then turned to simple conversation. I was astonished to learn that between them my two guests had spent thirteen years in foreign jails. They mentioned it as casually as they might have listed their alma maters.

Both were assigned as missionaries in the Orient before World War II and after Pearl Harbor were interned by the Japanese for the duration. One managed to get back to South China in time for the Communist conquest. She was accused of a whole series of fantastic crimes, among them the murder of thousands of infants. She was sentenced to death. Under this sentence, never knowing from day to day when it might be carried out, she spent five years in prison, the last six months in solitary confinement.

Of course I was full of questions but my questions seemed a little silly. I would have been embarrassed to say what was really in my heart.

But one thing I do remember saying. I said, "If you did not lose your faith in God, Sister, you must have lost your faith in man—you saw him at his worst." The Sister answered quietly: "I also saw him at his best."

She told the story of a Chinese boy who for three days was bound hand and foot in public view; food and drink which he could see but not get to was placed before him. The authorities demanded that the youth accuse the American Sister of something, anything. He refused.

She told about the ordeal the native Chinese nuns were put through to get them to charge the Maryknollers with criminal behavior. They never wavered in their loyalty. She told about the steadfast faith of the Christian Chinese and cited instance after instance of their willingness to suffer for it.

"No, I have not lost my faith in man," the Sister said again.

One story the Sister told made a deep impression on me. She told about an apostate youth, a boy she had sent to the seminary, who was required to strike her in public, in order to prove the sincerity of his "conversion" from Christianity to Communism. Their eyes met, the boy who betrayed the woman who had befriended him, and the woman herself. What their eyes said to each other can not be put into words except to say that he pleaded for forgiveness and she offered him a silent absolution. It is not hard to understand human weakness when your own strength is as sorely tried as this nun's was.

Meeting someone like her was a tremendous experience. Ever since childhood I have been sickened when I heard people talk glibly and unctuously about martyrdom—but here I was chatting with one who did not achieve martyrdom but came perilously close to it and would be quite willing to face it again. There was nothing glib or unctuous about her. I had the feeling that the ordeal she experienced was a kind of purification. Now she is stripped of pretense, facile piety, all that is shoddy or second-rate in the spiritual life; the ego no longer makes its absurd claims under the guise of religious fervor or principled zeal after such a purification.

When they left I *had* to think about spiritual matters. I had to ask myself the Great Questions again as if they were fresh new ideas. The old truth about the blood of martyrs being the seed of the Church means more to me now. It still does not mean enough; but at least for awhile it will be more than a formula.

All those years that the Sister was going through her ordeal, I was writing in these pages. They were short years for me. What were they for her? She was living the history we wrote about.

But I must be careful not to dramatize a nun who does not dramatize herself. For if there was one big impression both these nuns left on me it was that they are beyond such things as self-dramatization, rhetorical bombast or pious self-consciousness.

Their immediate concern is how to support a new hospital for Koreans which grew out of the Maryknoll Sisters' work for the homeless refugees who poured into Pusan during the Korean war.

Ideologies may be locked in combat; great political issues may engage the passions and the intelligence of men—this is the stuff of punditry, political oratory and the big black headlines. But these nuns are not as concerned with headlines as they are with the hunger and need of the human beings whose immediate destiny is spelled out in the big black type. They stay close to the immediate and the human. And they stay close to the Gospel. Theirs is the surer wisdom.

When you meet people like this—and they are to be found in every faith—you want to do what you can to help. If you write a column, as I do, you hope that by trying to communicate your own feelings, communicating the impulse to help that just meeting them aroused, you can get others interested in helping, too. The Sisters have to find the support for their own work which is spread over a vast field. Their Mother General can be addressed at Maryknoll Convent, Ossining, New York.

JOHN COGLEY.

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The life of Cornelia Connelly would seem to belong to a Graham Greene novel

Wife, Mother and Nun

by BETTE RICHART

SEVERAL YEARS ago Michael de la Bedoyere pointed out that Carlyle had been rather obtuse, however amusing, in his famous reaction to Margaret Fuller's statement, "I accept the universe." For his pronouncement that she had better suggested that there was no alternative. As a matter of fact, there are many things one can do with the universe. One can follow the herd and escape it, as any psychiatrist today might remind Carlyle. One can go a step or two beyond the unthinking and equivocate about it (the characteristic limbo of critics and philosophers). But only the saints really accept the universe, for the reason that Eliot gave: humankind cannot bear very much reality. Nor can we sustain the painful paradoxes implied in the acceptance of things-as-they-are; it is difficult to forgive the judgments of the falsely pious, the oversights and insensitivities of the pretentiously "busy." It is equally easy to praise too lavishly the flashes of insight and compassion that seem to distinguish those who are looked upon as sinners: it is, in short, fatally easy to mistake appearance for reality in the realm of virtue.

Had it not occurred a hundred years ago, the life of Cornelia Connelly would seem to belong to a Graham Greene novel. She was frequently confronted with overpowering either/or decisions which would have impaired the integrity of any ordinary human being. We like to think that virtue is its own reward; how easy to practice it if that were true! In Cornelia Connelly's case this comfortable axiom was especially ironical; for her, virtue was its own punishment in a most explicit way. Juliana Wadham has revived her drama with very little special pleading, and left us with facts which would seem to fit together only in eternity. (*The Case of Cornelia Connelly*. By Juliana Wadham. Pantheon. $3.75.)

In 1809, this Philadelphia girl was born into a comfortable and aggressively Protestant world. She married young, against her family's wishes, an Episcopalian minister of charm and talent equal to her own. They were wildly in love in Coventry Patmore's sense of that radiant condition; they enjoyed each other sexually, and were able to say so, in an age not noted for such frankness. In 1837 she and Pierce went to Rome where they were both dazzled, quite naively, by the scintillance of Catholic society. Their conversion, however, was an intellectual one, Pierce enacting the Orestes Brownson role which must be unavoidable for any Protestant theologian considering the Church, every revelation being canceled by a doubt. When they returned to America from Rome, they found life very difficult; Pierce, not content with the possibilities open to him as a layman, was somewhat of an anomaly in a Church with a celibate clergy. At the peak of their pressures, Cornelia's favorite child, John Henry, fell into a boiling caldron of maple syrup and was burned to death. In her notebook, all she recorded of this episode was "Sacrifice! Sacrifice! Sacrifice!"

SACRIFICE WAS to be the key word of her life. She suspected it already, but was hardly prepared for the nature and degree of her next sacrifice. Pierce coolly announced that he intended to take Holy Orders. She was staggered, as any wife might be. Human love, despite the insights that belong uniquely to it, always runs the danger of attempting to compete with divine love; Cornelia's sorrow at Pierce's vocation is appealing, as symptoms of human doubt and fear usually are in the great. She questioned the validity of this "vocation," but, persuaded to submit, she returned to Rome and entered the convent of Trinita dei Monti. There, save for the presence of her children, she lived the life of the congregation, but her position was farcical, and she learned what the dark night of the soul, starred by sensual memories, can mean.

Finally Gregory XVI sent her to England to help Bishop (later Cardinal) Wiseman draw up proposals for a teaching order. She waded into a state of ignorance which is incredible to our literate century. Her first assistants at St. Mary's in Derby were Emily Bowles (whose imagination, as it turned out, exceeded her capacity) and Sister Aloysia, an unassuming competent darling, who made one very significant remark: "Though the convent was empty, we began order and regularity as though the house were full."

Surely this was one of the strangest situations in

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the Church's modern history. "As we are all novices now, we shall learn perfection together," said Cornelia as (quite unofficial) reverend mother. The Congregation of the Holy Child had begun, with three women of good will and one of heroic sanctity. About this time Cornelia formulated a spiritual slogan: "Courage, confidence—and silence."

It served her well in her weird circumstances; Pierce was then assistant to Lord Shrewsbury's chaplain, dreaming first of being a Cardinal, then of founding an order, and all the while writing lengthy and frequent letters to Cornelia on how to proceed with her own foundation. She was to follow the spirit of St. Francis de Sales rather than of St. Ignatius; he was particularly voluble on this point. His articulate charm was beginning to merge into merely garrulous instability; the change in him must have been among the most painful of Cornelia's disillusions. She began to ignore his counsel.

Supported by the clergy, she also refused to see him; he began to resent diocesan authority, especially Bishop Wiseman's, and fled to Italy with the children. About the same time Cornelia moved the convent to St. Leonard's, a location close to the sea and remote from Pierce. All in all, the prospects of the congregation were brighter than they had ever been. A good thing that she had this comfort, since Pierce returned from Italy, and, in May of 1849, sued for the restoration of his conjugal rights.

This trial was the highlight of their lives, and in Protestant England almost the highlight of the century. However, Cornelia won her case, despite public prejudice against all things papal at the time. An embittered Pierce returned to Florence with the two younger children, Adeline and Frank, who idolized him. He reentered the Episcopalian ministry and remained there till his death, writing venomous anti-Catholic pamphlets and mourning his loss. It is impossible not to sympathize with his feelings, if not with his behavior; he paid a disproportionate price for not being able to make up his mind.

AND BY OUR usual standards, he was a better father than Cornelia was a mother. Of their five children, three survived; the eldest, Mercer, died in America of yellow fever at twenty-one. Cornelia's grief was pulverizing, and it could not have been entirely unmixed with guilt. Her correspondence with Mercer, despite its evident concern for his moral and physical well-being, is singularly imperceptive. He was a confused incompetent, a scholastic failure, and reprimands were her only method of coping. She drew constant—and unfavorable—comparisons between her hapless son and the girls who were students at her convent. The soul of lenience with other children, she harassed him about his lamentable spelling.

Her *Book of Studies,* in fact, is a forerunner of modern educational theory. "We are not to expect a perfect composition from a child," she wrote. "It is easy to correct redundancy; but a barren genius has no remedy." She saw that justice does not lie in equality of treatment. She cautioned the sisters, "Lead children to God, not to yourselves." She saw the danger of a curriculum diffuse rather than deep, and was determined to "weigh the subjects, not count them." She fought both her own staff and public opinion to win a stage, so easily accepted today as an essential in Catholic education.

Why then such inflexibility toward poor Mercer? No one can answer. Possibly an excess of love led to the perfectionism that usually wrecks a child, even when he has not been deprived of his mother's care, as Mercer had been. He resented his deprivation, naturally, and many mothers would say that a saint could not have abandoned her children as she did.

The conflict is a familiar one, one which will cause the daily life of Christians forever to resemble that of tightrope walkers: how can we distinguish our own will from God's? When they differ, as they often do, how can we subordinate our own? "Take the cross He sends as it is, and not as you imagine it to be," Cornelia wrote in her notebook. She must have weighed more subtly and intensely than the average religious (if there is such a person) the question of where detachment ends and indifference begins. There is no doubt that she left a fragment of herself behind in leaving her children, and one suspects that in the deep center of the interior mystery of motivation, she might never have been quite sure of doing God's will, had it not been at once so difficult and so successful.

For despite legal and financial problems which were hydraheaded, in the winter of 1862 the first American foundation was opened in Towanda, Pennsylvania, under the able and generous direction of one Father Carter. The physical hardships were disastrous, and finally the bravely cheerful original group had to be recalled, but still the congregation continued to spread, in England as well as the United States. And in 1854 a visit to Rome confirmed her Holy Rule almost exactly as she wished it. Now she could write with valid authority: "We have given ourselves to God in religion, not to be anything less than perfect religious, not to be housekeepers, nor dressmakers, nor artists,

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nor musicians, nor schoolmistresses, nor authoresses, nor superiors."

NOT LONG after the Rule was validated, Cardinal Wiseman died. His death wish might have been his epitaph: "Do not let a rubric be broken!" By this time, he and Cornelia were on cool terms. Mrs. Wadham cleverly notes that during her life as a nun, she kept the admiration and affection of all lawyers but few priests. She had a legal and logical mind, but was, I am sure, nothing of a suffragette. She could never have fought for the right to vote, as Teresa of Avila might have. She could and did fight for the right to be; "she learned the full meaning of love—the ability to give without question, to act without doubt," as Mrs. Wadham says.

And as often happens with the saints, she was forced to sanctity against her will. Now that her cause is being considered, we must admit that the ingredients of sanctity occasionally seem bizarre. Theological orthodoxy and social convention sometimes have little to do with each other. (Saints are notoriously careless about money, for instance, when they must weigh it against charity.)

Cornelia was more admired than befriended; she had that quality of blazing integrity which will never be popular because it implies a rebuke to mediocrity. Because her gifts were obvious, and nearly always at odds with public opinion, perhaps it was easy to question her humility. Cornelia's motive was unquestionably the glory of God, and in accepting His universe, she had to renounce her private world. Whether Margaret Fuller knew it or not, that is more easily said than done.

THE STAGE

THE LAST ROMANTIC

SOON, THE posture of hate, tonic at first, wearies; the sound of anger goes randy and hoarse, and the self swells intolerably: how to separate the meretricious from truth of mind or passion or art in Mr. John Osborne's "Look Back in Anger"? It may be well to begin by marking the voluntary limits of this most seminal British play of the decade. It is not a drama of intellectual power or principles: there lies behind its indignation none of that quiet danger of the committed which gives the theatre of Brecht its menacing seductiveness. It makes no pretense to closeness or acuity of psychological perception: beyond a few token gestures of necessity, "Look Back in Anger" takes as its subject not the inevitable workings of affection or rational self-interest, but compulsiveness and obsession in their furthest extremities. Of anything like dramatic balance and proportion, the searching arraignment of a theme, Mr. Osborne's play is almost void: it succeeds rather by a kind of slapdash effrontery which is often endearing, such as the cyclic substitution of mistress for wife at the opening of Act Three, which moves the audience to laughter as the only response of relief.

What then remains? A corrosive fantasy of class envy, recorded in terms of sexual venom and hatred of society. On this level, the potency and clamor of "Look Back in Anger" are not to be resisted. Mr. Osborne has been much praised for the sting and salt, the pithy vehemence of his free-wheeling attack, as if this were a kind of natural force, the sucking wind spawned by a vacuum. In truth, "Look Back in Anger" is a work of finely executed rhetorical power, which proves the finality of its existence, as any work of literature must, in language. It is a surrealist rhetoric which excels in the development not of ideas but of images, and the energy with which Mr. Osborne drives his megalomaniac fantasies is the genuine thing in his talent. The vaudeville shuffles and the music-hall patois; the agile jabs at Eliot and Samuel Beckett; the demonic relish with which Mr. Osborne has Jimmy Porter fantasize "the Lady Pusillanimous" and a drooling newspaper account of "orgies in the Midlands"—it is in the crawling, giddy horror of these that "Look Back in Anger" establishes its authority. Even the anthropomorphic motif of bears and squirrels, furry and vulnerable, which permits Porter and his wife to communicate on a level of charity, is desolately affecting: it trembles on the rim of the insufferable, but never topples, and Mr. Osborne's illumination of this curiously pathetic resource of the inadequate contemporary sensibility of love is at once bold and subtle.

These private fantasies stretched to the shape of society, however, are less telling, for in his account of the social fact, Mr. Osborne is much less secure. He has surrendered to animosity those interests of class observation which are one of the rational and ironic pleasures of a civilized intelligence. It is this denial which moves one to find the source of "Look Back in Anger" not in class *hatred* but in class *envy*. Hatred may corrupt, but envy corrupts absolutely. It is the cancerous lotus, and to eat of it is to go poppy-drowsy with the stifled will. Mr. Osborne, born in Fulham (where they keep the aspidistras flying), looks back in anger at the humbug state: all the paraphernalia of The Establishment: the bloody press; the frosted, vague royalty; the chinless wonders of Sandhurst waffling between Singapore and their clubs on the Mall. Raging, he turns in envy on what is lovely too: the long dipping afternoons of languor on the Cam; ceremonies of innocence and grace, the pavilion

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all hung with black and gold silk on a crescent of lawn, the girls and men all moths in a blue light.

It is simple for an American to patronize this rage and this thirt, for exclusiveness is not to him the dream and the torment that it is to an Englishman. Harvard may terrify, that is, but it has not the embattled ferocity of an audience at the Covent Garden. And there is an inadequacy about British life, a *tightness*—the narcosis of a London Sunday; the cheeky major-domo; Madame poised above you, Miltonic and black-bosomed, the Demon with the Trifle—which moves traditionally to protest. One remembers Virginia Woolf's mutinous elegance when a Cambridge don barred her from the quad, and earlier, Henry James circuitously recording that lush London August luncheon when, nostalgic for Italy, he asked for some fruit and was gravely offered a dish of red currants and gooseberries. It is the protest of the outraged human: *recognize me!*

But Mr. Osborne's idea of the human is flippant and tedious. The beasts in his jungle have at least a certain whipped accessibility, while his unicorns stand immobile in a Socialist tapestry. Jimmy Porter's keening over the working class; his sterile attempt to possess its virtues, and his sentimental manipulation of an untried image (the dying old woman who *loved* him, who *needed* him) is a wisp of Laborite piety, a fantasy of guilt and yearning after an impossible purity. Mr. Osborne dare not permit the woman to exist as a character, because that would expose her to the test of reality: he uses her rather as a romantic motif, which is as inaccurate as it is wanting in humor. (I remember a distinguished London lady recounting how, when she was sick and helpless in bed, her daily chars fluttered about, all solicitude and marmalade. It was only when she got up to paint the kitchen table that they left, in wounded pride of class. "They tell me a lady doesn't act like that," she observed.)

Mr. Osborne's failure to mark this grittiness of reality weakens not only his play, but the athletic posture of his defiance: it suggests what should be obvious, that no one—no group, no class, no sensibility—has a monopoly on that sense of creeping decay, of diffusion and drift which is a fact of the modern British temper. Mrs. St. Maugham, the old Edwardian rip in "The Chalk Garden"—a play Mr. Osborne sulphurously calls "that doddering apotheosis of the English theatrical decadence of the last thirty years"—Mrs. St. Maugham pauses to note that when Pinkbell, the old butler, dies, she will no longer know why two wine-glasses had immemorially been set for luncheon. The tone is light, the touch fine, the truth crystalline; yet it rings as deeply and as true as all Mr. Osborne's fervent clamor.

(To be concluded)

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

MORE ABOUT LES GIRLS

IT IS INTERESTING to contrast two outstanding foreign movies that are currently on our screens. Both have immoral women as their central characters and deal with sordid subject matter; both are brilliant examples of film making on the adult level; and they are as different as day and night. From Italy has come "Cabiria," directed by Federico Fellini whose "La Strada" was voted the best foreign film of last year. "Cabiria" resembles last year's thoughtful picture not only because Fellini's wife, Giulietta Masina, again plays the lead in a waif-like manner and because the film is in the best tradition of Italian neo-realism, but also because its theme celebrates the survival of the spirit over the depths of despair and the most sordid circumstances. What's more, through Fellini's excellent direction "Cabiria" rises to heights of poetic cinema. The film has good English sub-titles, but it is the visuals that count; the pictures, aided by Massina's fine performance, tell the story of Cabiria's days and nights as a prostitute in Rome.

Although still in the fey and wacky mood of the waif in "La Strada," Miss Masina's new waif is angry, sad, wistful, rebellious and often funny and pathetic. The whole film is about Cabiria. Instead of having a conventional plot, it relates a series of episodes which though fascinating and highly dramatic in themselves, seem at first to be disconnected. In the first episode we see an angry and frustrated Cabiria whose feelings are hurt because she has been robbed and pushed into the river by her lover. She is furious with him, with her rescuers and with her best friend (Franca Marzi), another prostitute who lives near her one-room house at the unattractive edge of the city.

In the second episode Cabiria is picked up by a famous movie star (Amedeo Nazzari), taken to a fancy nightclub where she lords it over the other girls and then to his palatial apartment where she is overawed by its elegant furnishings and even asks the actor for his autographed photograph. Masina is at her Chaplinesque best in this incident which ends with the waif getting the gate. In the next episode, Cabiria, who longs for a different kind of life, joins her loose friends and the crowds of miracle seekers on a religious pilgrimage and prays devoutly for a change. But afterwards, picnicking with the tawdry and playful people on the grounds beside the shrine, the disillusioned girl realizes there was no miracle. "We're all just the way we were before." And she rails out against religion.

In the next and most amazing episode, Cabiria wanders into a cheap vaudeville show where a hypnotist uses her in his act during which the frumpy woman

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of the streets goes back to her idealistic past when she was young and pure and longed for a noble lover, a knight in shining armor. This scene, in which Cabiria reveals her true self, done in a cheap, smoky theater filled with hooting men, is unforgettable and leads to the final episode when Cabiria falls in love with a shy suitor (François Perier) who offers marriage to the dreamy waif.

By this time Director Fellini himself is enamored of his subject matter and he stretches the last part of his film too long. You know what is going to happen when Cabiria, overwhelmed with happiness, meets Brother Giovanni (a joyful religious who could be right out of Rossellini's "Little Flowers of St. Francis") who tells her "The important thing is to be in God's grace." Cabiria says goodbye to her old life, gathers all her savings from her grim career and entrusts herself and them to her husband-to-be. These last scenes are heartbreaking and are redeemed only by the finale which, although ambiguous, shows the survival of the spirit in spite of man's inhumanity to man. At the end we can only hope that Cabiria will have the strength to continue a new life. The finale promises us nothing, but the whole picture makes us richer in understanding.

IT IS HOPE that is missing from "Gervaise," an import from France, with English sub-titles and some of the most beautiful photography ever to be seen on the screen. But the picture is as grim as it is beautiful. The story starts with Gervaise (played by Maria Schell in a practically perfect performance) being deserted by the lover with whom she has lived for many years, unmarried, and who is the father of her two sons. The desertion is followed by a fight scene in a public laundry, a brutal and bloody fight between Gervaise and Virginie (Suzy Delair), the sister of the woman with whom Gervaise's lover ran away. Then follows a period of some happiness for Gervaise when she marries a kindly roofer (François Perier) and gives birth to a daughter, Nana.

But happiness is short-lived in a story by Zola (Jean Aurenche and Pierre Bost based their well-written script on *L'Assommoir*) and Gervaise has to spend her savings to nurse her injured husband. Things go from bad to worse. Gervaise manages to open her own laundry, but her husband takes to drink and invites her former lover to live with them in their overcrowded rooms in back of the laundry. The family becomes completely demoralized when Gervaise resumes her former relationship with her cynical lover who is interested only in himself and who throws her over for Virginie when Gervaise has lost both husband and laundry.

René Clément, who startled audiences with his "Forbidden Games," successfully startles them again. In directing "Gervaise," which is expertly acted throughout the large cast, Clément has caught the spirit of Zola's naturalism. Man is a human animal, the product of heredity and environment, and he's stuck with his sad lot no matter how he may try to better it. The film avoids explicit comment on Gervaise's immoral behavior. But it presents the characters in their lower-class Parisian surroundings of the Second Empire Period with utmost realism—a realism that is disturbing for its starkness and occasional bad taste.

Perhaps it is Annie Dorfmann's first-rate production of "Gervaise," with its fine cast and handsomely composed pictures suggestive of Manet, that makes the picture's realism even more upsetting. As a study of society, I think René Clément's film might have been more effective if it hadn't been quite so down-beat. Gervaise's two sons fortunately escape by leaving the family circle; but the most depressing scene of the picture comes at the end—when little Nana, leaving her drunken mother in a saloon, ties a bit of ribbon around her neck and runs down the street to play with the boys who follow her with glee. This is the end of Gervaise and the beginning of Nana, whose story as a famous courtesan is already started.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"THE ISOLATED MAN"

Notre Dame, Ind.

TO THE EDITORS: I have just read "The Isolated Man," the short piece on Albert Camus [Oct. 25]. And I don't think Anthony Bailey is reading Camus on the level at which this author is writing. Certainly his article gives a very lopsided and negative impression of the Nobel Prize winner's work.

True, his preoccupations with the absurd, the existential trappings of his writings and their air of despair must be considered—as Mr. Bailey does consider them. But this is by no means the whole of Camus. Indeed, it is not the most important part of Camus. To say that "The Night is his chief concern" or there is "little color or consolation" in his work, is simply not true. At least it is very incomplete. Camus wrote in *The Rebel* (his most important work): "All of us, among the ruins, are preparing a renaissance beyond the limits of nihilism." And in the same essay: "Even if the novel describes only nostalgia, despair, frustration, it still creates a form of salvation. To talk of despair is to conquer it. Despairing literature is a contradiction in terms."

It is this positive quality running through Camus' work which Mr. Bailey has failed to grasp. The French writer is on the side of salvation. The central theme

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of his work is a creative search for happiness. This is obvious in his earliest works—of the 1936-37 period. It is never absent from even his bleakest novels and it is given its most vigorous expression in *The Rebel.*

Few authors today have protested against injustices, pleaded the cause of humanity or dedicated themselves to the hope of a better world with more intelligence and compassion than Albert Camus. The courage and loyalty of this man are hard to match anywhere in contemporary writing. His radical hatred for ideologies in the name of which people are massacred can be heartily endorsed by every Christian.

Camus, of course, is not a Christian. He has been a stumbling block to Catholics especially. But what he has always asked of us, both explicitly and implicitly, is *real charity.* "The only real generosity toward the future," he argues, "lies in giving all to the present." Peguy offered a similar argument when he said: "A temporal revolution is necessary for eternal salvation." It is said that Ruysbroeck in ecstasy once heard the cry of a beggar. He quit his divine contemplation immediately to hasten to the mendicant's aid.

It is this positive notion that Camus is continually driving home: *we are responsible for the salvation of the world.* He has therefore accepted to do battle. He has thrown himself to the lions. He has committed himself to the destiny of mankind. Can we say as much? "Our brothers," says Camus, "are breathing under the same sky as we; justice is a living thing. Now is born that strange joy which helps one live and die. . . With this joy, through long struggle, we shall remake the soul of our time."

I simply want to make this point: Camus, without the light of any faith, has set himself to the noblest of all Christian vocations: love. He labors in a world of anguish, absurdity and crumbling values. But never has he despaired of ultimate victory! He is a prophet of hope. It is impossible not to admire a man who has said: "There are more things to admire in man than to despise."

Marcel (whom Bailey likes to quote) has said this about hope: "I believe that it is by reflecting upon despair, and perhaps only by reflecting upon despair, that we can attain a positive conception of hope. Hope can only be an active combat against despair."

Despair means that we have reached an impasse; that nothing more can be done. It is to withdraw from the battlefield. That spirit is radically absent from Camus' work.

BERNARD G. MURCHLAND, C.S.C.

BOOKS

An Ardent Commitment to Courage and Justice

THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF JOHN JAY CHAPMAN. Edited and with an introduction by Jacques Barzun. Farrar, Straus. $5.

By ROSEMARY F. DEEN

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN was known in his time as mad Jack Chapman, and was a bigot in some serious areas. Yet, what stands out in the collection of writings Jacques Barzun has edited is his sanity. Mr. Barzun has done a notable service in bringing Chapman back from the shades. These essays are characterized by Chapman's ardent committal to courage, justice, and the rectified will. His material has depth and weight. His style is sure, lucid, and lit by imagery and wit.

About half the present volume consists of Chapman's long study of William Lloyd Garrison. It is not a biography, but a history of the early Abolition movement, of the relations between North and South, and a study of American character, culture, and politics. Chapman considers that the Civil War *was* essentially about slavery and he reads pre-war history as a series of Southern victories on the slavery question won by two weapons: a constitutional one, the threat of disunion; and an economic one, the pressure of business interests. Chapman considers that these victories—the early federal constitution compromises, the Missouri Compromise, the Annexation of Texas, the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, the invasion of Kansas, and the Dred Scott Decision—ironically lost the Southern Cause because each one built up Northern indignation.

Fear and economic pressure, as our generation knows too, create a climate of public madness in which justice is outraged in the name of law, and martyrdom is prepared for the man who protests. Chapman's most telling stories reveal the corruption slavery worked in the North. In Connecticut a Quaker lady was indicted and convicted of the crime of admitting a Negro girl to her school. In New Hampshire a preacher was arrested out of the pulpit as a "common brawler" for a discourse on slavery, and sentenced to hard labor. In Boston Garrison was seized, roped, and led about by an angry mob in a lynching mood. He behaved according to the strictest Abolitionist principles of non-violence and non-resistance to violence. He was finally rescued by the mayor and then jailed for the night as a disturber of the peace.

Chapman's comment on this last incident is a fine example of the restrained, ironic attack. Garrison "was a man of little humor where his principles were at stake, and could see nothing in the arrest but a ghastly paradox; whereas in reality that arrest is a charming epitome of the times."

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Out of all the great figures in America before the war, why is it Garrison who commands Chapman's interest? It is because Garrison responded most immediately and generously to a situation that cried to heaven for justice, while the good men of the age like Channing were tame and flat and the seers like Emerson remained sightless in their libraries. Garrison is Chapman's saint even though, as an agitator, he possessed lesser talents. He made heroic use of these talents. For over thirty years he provided a focus and exchange for Antislavery activity: "The continuousness of Garrison is appealing, and fatigues even the retrospective imagination of posterity: he is like an all-night hotel: he is possessed: he is like something let loose."

Chapman's saint, like all saints, by his example calls on men to go and do in like manner. Here is the heart of Chapman's thought: "No day passes in which every man is not put to the test many times over, as to his personal relation towards the cowardices and cruelties of his own age." We see that this is a hard saying when we realize that Chapman knew very minutely the meaning of words and meant every part of his statement literally. In order to follow this counsel a man must know the value of life so well that he considers no day so cheap as to pass without consequence and that no evil can belong only to others. Chapman has a first-class mind because he sees the *relations* that make life whole. Such a man is an extremist to those who see isolated phenomena. The difference lies in the eye of the beholder: "Back of the prophet's emotion is his vision of a relation between innocent suffering and half-innocent selfishness."

Among the other essays in the book, the study of Emerson is the most important. Emerson's doctrine of individualism is, Chapman feels, the great truth to be spoken in a democracy, where equality intensifies the pressure of opinion and causes the individual to sink back into mass cowardice.

Chapman's method in his analysis, which I suppose is the chief method of the critic of culture, is to show the meaning of the event under discussion by resorting to "general ideas," and then use the event as an example of the idea. The force of the method arises out of the reciprocal action set up. One sees the event in a new light, at the same time that the general idea receives the force of a new insight. The ideas range, with equal authority, from ethical notions, psychological insight, religious understanding, and literary criticism to political philosophy and theories of education.

The essays of personal reminiscence balance their lighter subject matter by a style that approaches poetry in finish and elegance. They abound in witty anecdotes. The essay on Julia Ward Howe with its observations on what is wrong with Boston will throw a revealing light on some poems of Eliot and Cummings.

Like all good cultural critics, Chapman is interested in the good society: in grace and breeding; individual liberty and responsibility; leisure and learning. He is aware that these are essentially rewards, the fruit of reform and the struggle against human apathy.

The Heart's Pain

JAMIE IS MY HEART'S DESIRE, By Alfred Chester. Vanguard. $3.50

By MARY SHIRAS

THESE ARE times for stories and novels about the life of the heart, and possibly because our writers are so acutely conscious of the world's ugliness and misery, many of them have probed more deeply into the heart's pain than its pleasure to find life's secret force. On her deathbed, a tormented and homicidal woman beqeathes the gift of an insatiable yearning to a youth who, because of her, will never again let himself slumber in contentment or self-satisfaction. Another woman—an adulteress—begins to love and believe when she hates God for separating her from her lover. A harried and blundering business man, coming through a subway tunnel he has always hated, feels a sudden blaze of love for all the people around him, disfigured by the underground lights, imperfect like himself. A remarkable young actor, trying to pull his ailing sister out of a universe hopelessly divided into healthy slobs and sickly moral aristocrats, looks out of the window and rests his eyes upon something that suggests another possibility: he sees a dachshund "shimmying with ecstasy" towards a little girl in a red tam, and taking a puff from his cigar he says, "Goddam it, there are nice things in the world—and I mean *nice* things. We're all such morons to get so sidetracked."

Alfred Chester does not deserve to be ranked with the writers who have explored the complexity of emotion that this kind of fiction is capable of. His ambitions are comparatively modest; his accomplishments show an instinct for writing more than intellectual depth or brilliance—an absorbing narrative and an extremely readable prose style.

In this novel, an undertaker named Harry Sutton who has been pretty much a spectator of both the living and the dead is suddenly knocked off his noncommittal balance when he is unable to see a corpse named Jamie that is really there. The visual failure shocks him into a psychical trial from which he emerges, chastened, dazed, and loving. In his most troubled moments he asserts, "I wanted to live my life in, to accept confusion if it meant that, to see Jamie, to love Tess." His counterpart, Mark the poet, shy, but vibrant with creative powers, feels the intensity of life through loving Jamie.

But just as Jamie empowers Harry to accept confusion and to love Tess, he also kills Mark's love, leaving him wretched and helpless. While Harry is resolving to live his life *in,* Mark says quietly and grimly, "I know what I'll do. I'll let it [life] live itself out." Emily, a social worker who moves somewhere between Mark and Harry is continually being distracted from

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life until Jamie makes her see that her work has been the one activity in her life that has brought out her strength and her love.

All three, Harry, Mark, and Emily, as they are portrayed until about halfway through, are quite credible; after their reappraisals they are disappointing. With Harry, for example, we are asked to believe that after a week of severe myopia and insomnia, this skeptical undertaker who regards all sentiment as human fabrication has transformed himself into a warm and sympathetic human being—an altogether charming and amiable person like ourselves. Furthermore, even granting the rejuvenated Harry, he is not nearly so interesting as his old plain and sarcastic self.

The difficulties in the novel result in part from a rather weak grasp of characterization: Mr. Chester hinders himself at the outset from producing full-bodied results by creating people who are too limited to see their own depths. What underlies this fault in characterization seems to be an awkward adjustment of serious and comic values. Comedy is Mr. Chester's real strength—the comedy of ironic, sidewise humor that thrives on understatement, wisecracks, and offbeat wit. Consider the absurdities and incongruities of some of the novel's themes: the hero is an undertaker; his antagonist, a corpse; the corpse throws everyone into a tailspin without batting an eyelash; the poet turns prosaic while the prosaic undertaker turns poet; the poet trembles with the conviction of a prophet and then crawls in humiliation to a pastry shop where he serves as a baker's boy—and collects his parents' life insurance to make ends meet; a gin-loving priest named Tulley has a dark passion for spiritualism and ouija boards; the social worker—like so many of course—is ill-at-ease in her closest friendships. Character is burlesqued for taking things seriously; yet in the conclusion of the novel we are meant to feel, as Harry does, that some things really matter, that to love someone, for example, is valuable and important. But Mr. Chester is not stalwart enough to follow through his own provocative ideas, so that the hero who comes out of his complacency into love, confusion, and other perils does not convince us that there ever was much of a heart's desire to begin with.

Welcome Pretext

JOHN GRAHAM, CONVICT. By Robert Gibbings. A. S. Barnes. $3.

By VIVIAN MERCIER

WHY HAS THIS charming book had to wait twenty years for American publication? Perhaps the brevity and patchwork form of its narrative are to blame. Mr. Gibbings has employed two incompatible techniques—those of the historian and the novelist—in piecing together John Graham's remarkable story. The heart of the book is a twenty-page letter by Graham, quoted verbatim, whose fiery earnestness puts to shame the rather stage-Irish storytelling of Mr. Gibbings.

Transported to Australia from Ireland for a petty theft, Graham ran away from a second sentence and lived for six years in the bush with a tribe of aborigines. Eventually he returned to "civilization" to serve out his sentence. Three years later he undertook to go alone among the natives, in search of the survivors from a shipwrecked vessel. Unaided by anyone or anything except the natives' belief that white people were the ghosts of their dead relatives, Graham succeeded in rescuing three men and a woman—Mrs. Fraser, widow of the ship's captain. Mr. Gibbings tells us that the sturdy lady got married again, though not to Graham, while the latter was rewarded with ten pounds sterling and a parole.

All the above provides Mr. Gibbings with the pretext for forty of his virile wood engravings, which range over two of his favorite subjects—his native Ireland and the South Seas. Those who have devoured his later books will recognize that, although his work has gained in delicacy over the inter-

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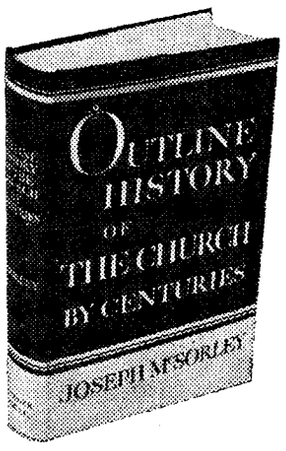

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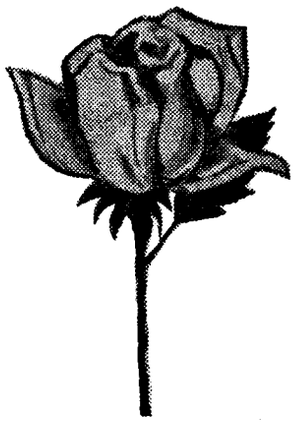

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One Man's Trial

SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER. By Mark Harris. Macmillan. $3.

By JOHN P. SISK

THAT FAVORITE of American stories, the trial by fire of the innocent in a corrupt world he never made, adapts well to army life. This is because the innocent must be submitted to life *in extremis* so that the gap between the ideal and the real leaves plenty of room for the trial-fires to burn hugely. So Mark Harris in his new novel, *Something About a Soldier,* sends his precocious seventeen-year-old debating champion into the mid-World War II army.

With an I.Q. that "never fit on the curve," and knowing a great deal about such things as "the distance between places and the speed of light and the square root of it all," Jacob Epstein comes to Fort Smeed, Georgia, and to the agonies that result when he tries to assess a cubic world with linear measurements. There follows a harrowing hundred and twenty-one day period in which Jacob encounters for the first time administrative red tape, racial discrimination, Communism, the complexity and malevolence of human nature, love and death. Beset and bedeviled, he becomes an involved man trying to make his way with a debater's sweet reason.

It proves a puny weapon; duplicity, love and death undo him. "I am drained of all my enthusiasm," he tells the Communist who has a mission for him. He deserts, like Hemingway's Fredrick Henry in a previous war, to find his love, Joleen the pretty PX girl, having decided, again like Fredrick Henry, to have nothing further to do with the war effort. The end of all this is a mental-ward discharge contrived by his commanding officer, Captain Dodd, who is both friend and successful rival for Joleen's affections.

Jacob, Joleen and Captain Dodd make up a strange and somewhat unlikely triangle in this book. Jacob, of course, is the duped one, though loved by and loving both of the others. "I suppose you're in love with Dodd. He's a married man twice your age," he tells Joleen jealously, but is far from suspecting what everyone else in the battery knows. Yet it is Dodd who, moved by Jacob's unarmored innocence, gets him out of the army; and it is Joleen with whom he finally has a chance at love, fifteen years later when the rest of the battery is dead. "Are you afraid to love like all the rest?" she asks; and Jacob, seeing that "the boy whom Dodd had saved for life" might be powerless after all to sieze that life, kisses her in the plain view of his seventeen students.

So Jacob is saved by love from the sterility of his collapse of innocence. He who in his youthful, innocent ardor had thought love was an abstract love of the world, or of a

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grand idea, must learn that it is first "one man and one woman, not words and flags and printed promises," and that he who is afraid, debater-wise, to commit himself to this love may miss life. It is the long-dead Dodd who has given him his chance at life, just as it is Dodd who, as Joleen says, has made her a woman by loving her. A good point, no doubt, though it strikes me that the whole business of Dodd as seducer-savior is a sentimental soft spot in a book greatly superior to the sort one associates with soft spots of this kind.

Otherwise I found this an enjoyable performance, full of humor, sympathy and a relish of language. Mr. Harris has resisted the temptation to use his hero simply as a means of flaying the corrupt world. There is no bitterness in his high-spirited book. His attitude of affectionate irony towards Jacob is just right, and an appealing figure emerges.

Some Harris fans may be disappointed to learn that *Something About a Soldier* is not in the manner of Henry Wiggen, the southpaw narrator of the three previous novels. But if they read with their ears open they will discover that the Wiggen style was only the Harris style in vernacular dress. It may be that Mr. Harris intends to return to Henry, and if he does I am sure that Henry will amuse me. Nevertheless, I feel that Mr. Harris is too good a writer, and too concerned with style, not to know that the moment when one begins to do something easily is the moment for the writer to begin doing something else.

REVIEWERS

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